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edicine for the past twenty years. NEWTON & ROSE,

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Poetry.

Aganste. BY PASCES T. PIELDS. Once in the leafy prime of Spring,

When blessoms whitened every thorn, I wandered through the Vale of Orbe, Where Against was born. The bleds in bothood we had known Went flitting through the air of May, And happy songs he loved to hear

Made all the landscape gay, I saw the streamlet from the hills Run laughing through the valleys green, And as I watched it run, it said

"This his dear eyes have seen!" For cliffs of ice his feet had slimbed That day outspoke of him to mw;— The avalanches seemed to sound The name of Agassiz?

And, standing on the mountain crag Where loosened waters rush and foam, I felt, that though on Cambridge side, He made that spot my home.

And looking round me as I mused. Or homestok weariness, because Once Agassiz stood there!

I walked beneath no alien shier, For everywhere I looked, I saw His grand, beleved head. His smile was stamped on every tree.

The glacier shone to gild his name And every image in the lake Bedeeted tack his fame. Great keeper of the magic keys

Where science like a monarch stands, And sacred Knowledge waits-Thine ashes rost on Charles's banks, Thy memory all the world contains, For thou could'st bind to human love

That could unlock the guarded gates,

All hearts in golden chains ! Thine was the heaven-born spell that sets Our warm and deep affections free,— Who knew thee best must love thee best, And longest mourn for thee!

Enter March.

Arrayed in dusty, rusty drab-With dusty, rusty beard and heir. Here comes old March, red as a crab

As chisel cold his not e is sharp, Than fishing-hooks his nails are sharper Cracked is his voice like frozen harp Touched by a flexhless harper.

Oh, weary are his fickle ways! To-day benign, to-morrow bitter; In pleasant mood he seldom stays. The testy old hair-splitter. The only birds his praise that sing

Are cawing crows and geese that gabble; To call him the first mouth of spring Is naught but idle babble. His footsteps ever followed are By parehing drought and dusty breezes

By watery eyes and dire catarrh. And stunning coughs and speczes. Delusive March! speed on, speed on, Make way for better me That blooming flowers will bring anon, With bees about them humming.

The Leisure Hour.

ROSAMOND AND HER LOVERS

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD, It was a dreadful day and night we pass ed. My husband had been on the spot. Rosamond was helpless in hysteries, and though the telegrams came every hour, there was no good word in them; and Rosamond only came out of one attack long enough to ask and hear that there was another; and of course neither her sister. Emma, nor the house-maids, nor I could were we about the poor child who, to our danger of death as any body.

Resamend and Emma were not relations of ours, but their parents had been our dear friends and when they died we had begged that the children might come to us, and so they had spent all their long vacations under our roof, and Buttons, our page, would wait on his idols if he could, and his ace turned as pink as though he were boiled, and all the hair on his round baldish head bristled with pleasure, whenever they looked at him or spoke to him. Poor Buttons! he was a standing joke among us, and we never could think of him, even when the school-days were over and the girls had come home permanently, and there was no longer any Buttons in the house, without a laugh.

Of course we had no authority over the girls but that of affection, but it was a pleasure to have the dear things round us-only when Rosamond, the brightest and preitier of the two, began to have her lovers, we saw that it was a little while we should be able to keep her, and congratulated ourselves that at any rate we should stiff retain Emma. Rosamond was nothing like a beauty,

and yet she had all the effect of one; she had that rich skin which any color becomes, and her eyes were always beaming, and per unruly hair was always turning up in tle curis, and she had the sweetest mouth in the world, and the prettiest pearls in it; only her nose was any thing but what she wanted it. I suppose she would have gone to extremes, and have had as keen an dy's, could she have had her way, for, as it was, she had to make the test of what sho alied a pug. As for Emms, she was simply Rosamond's shadow-not quite so tail, not quite so plump, not quite so fresh-colored or carly-headed, and not by any means so charming. For Rosamond, with good heart, her obliging ways, her confiding air, and her singing, certainly was charming; and after she came home number of bouquets in compliment of ber inging, that were thrown into our groundfloor windows by her feeble-minded young overs, with courage overwhelmed by in-

fatuation, kept as supplied with flowers, Well, the truth is that Rosamond was a chance, as Rosamond told her once, in answer to the accusation, instantly kissing her and crying over her and begging all the pardons that there were, and from that moment making over to Emms, so formally as to render it laughable to us who saw it all, the best beau she had-a proceeding that the beau took in such dudgeon that he ceased to come to the house at all. But, as I was saying, Rosamond was a pronounced flirt; she had flirted with the serious head-master at school, and with the frivolous music-master, and had given the dancing-master to understand that she beleved him one of the old noblesse in disguise; she had tried her arts on the miniser; and when the doctor was called to her diphtheria, of course she tried them on him. I following behind with shawls and pil-

care for her. If they didn't love her sponand generally they did it spontaneously

It was not with equanimity that Emma viewed these successes of Rosamond's. "I | flushed;" when I was stopped by what folwonder," she would bemoan herself, "why every body loves Rosamond and nobody

loves me!" "My dear," I exclaimed, "doesn't Rosamond love you? doesn't your cousin Mau-

rice? don't I?" "Oh, I dare say," Emma mouned again; "but I want to be the very first to some-body. You love Cousin Maurice better than me, and be loves you better than me, and Rosamond is all ready to love any body better than me. Oh, bother that sort of love!" cried Emma, between laughing and crying. "It would be so delightful," said the poor little simpleton, "to be loved the way people are when they are engag-

White Emma held forth in this way, Dr. Randolph was looking down Rosamond's throat with the handle of a spoon-the only thing that ever kept down that little tongue of bers, I thought. The doctor, who had just taken our family physician's place-Parisian education, talent, and every sort of recommendation-pronounced Rosamond's illness not serious, but ordered confinement to her room, and came twice a day for some tilme, and then he came once a day. And I began to bethink myself, as I saw the long calls young Dr. Randelph made, and heard the conversations, turning on any thing but symptoms, and looked at Rosamond, with her returning color, her smiles and dimples, her blue wrapper, and all the dainty appliances of a sick-room toilet, that some instinct taught her; and I observed that this seclusion kept other lovers off. And perhaps the latter clause struck Rosamond's perception also, for one day, while the doctor still continued his visits, and without having received any permission from him, she descended to the parlors, and there, when he came in, he found her, with young M'Creery turning her music on one side, and young

"What!" cried Dr. Randolph-"in this only thing to do-"I don't believe I ever shall sing again. Your wicked diphtherias and potashes and things have rained my voice!" And she was so charming as she sat there on the piano stool, with her high color and her pooting lip, that I didn't wonder the doctor selzed both her hands in his. He pretended he was only feeling the

Waterman listening on the other.

pulse, "What is this?" said he, "I beg your pardon Miss Rosamond; you must bid these young gentlemen good-morning, and foot." go to your room directly, unless you want relapse, which will be worse than the original illness;" and be half lifted her by her hands, and led her to the foot of the stairs, she hanging back like a naughty child, and looking unutterable things at the two lovers, who were looking unutter able things at her, and still more unutterable things at this independent young docfor who had them at such a disadvantage. But Dr. Randolph had his way, and he staid a long hour to make sure of keeping it; and by that time Rosamond, thanks to her contumacy, could speak only in a whis-per, and was growing more and more languid; and he gave her some drops worse than any thing she had taken yet, before

We had to send for Dr. Randolph again at night-fall, and he had hard work that he, rising, "you are to go on taking the and under his kisses-and the life he had drops every hour till I come again. Your saved belonged to him. imprudence has nearly cost you your life. Are you not ashamed, by your willfulness, o have kept me all this time from poor Mrs. Prout, who need me 7"

"You needn't talk to me so," whispered Rosamond, inextinguishably. "I've no doubt she's better off without you, frightening her to death. Yes, you are frightenng me to death!" she cried, hoursely, at his exclamation of regret, "And it's just as well to die by the sword as the famine. And I believe you doctors carry round diphtherias and things in your pockets; and, oh, do you know, I think my throat is burning up!" And then the doctor had to get out his vial-ease again, and stay another hour. But the ruling spirit was strong in Rosamond still, "The Chinese way is a great deal better than ours," she croaked, as he bent over her to hear, while I rinsed a medicine cup at the sink; "when yon're sick they stop the doctor's pay. "Perhaps," said he, in a low tone, with a flush mounting to his forehead, "I shall

ask for a different sort of pay !" When Dr. Randolph came in again be was quite cool and quick and professional, and was off to see Mrs. Prout very soon. On his way he met young Waterman and M'Creery, and he told them they had nearly been guilty of murder and so scared them that they did not come near us for

half a year. It was some days before Rosamond had oles enough for more than a dozon words; and it was a sad cross, for without her sauciness she was without her best friend, and all her abrugs and pouts and smile and dimples would not answer half her requirements. But as soon as her voice returned, and she began to feel a little more life, she was restive with the up-stairs captivity. It was rather lonesome, for Emm: was so afraid of the diphtheria she kept out of the way, and after Rosamond had quite recovered, and tried out of pure mischief, to kiss her, she screamed and ran from the som, "It's abominable in Dr. Randolph to shut me up so," Rosamond said, "Consin Jane," said the surprising little ereature, "he's just doing it to keep me out of the way of other people. For, do you know, I believe the man's in love with me!

"Rosamond, I am ashamed of you?" "No, you're not," said she. "You'd bave cried your eyes out-you know you would-if I had died, and you wouldn't have been at all ashamed of me; and I bayen't changed since then, except to get better. So you see, logically, you can't be ashamed of me; you ought to study logic, Cousin Jane!" But, after all, the pretty minx had only meant to find out what I thought about it—an attempt in which she

moment, and before I reached the door I a sound of heaven and earth coming to. Newspapers Bemestically Considered. could see him leaning over the back of the aneously, she had to wile them into it, great chair, as he pulled her shawl about her, trembling and flushed. "Well," I thought, "who could carry Rosamoud down stairs and not be trembling and

> lowed. "I suppose you are thinking," Resamond said, looking up at him over the back of the chair, "that you have saved my life!"

"I wish," he said, so low that I guessed rather than heard it..."I wish I might think, then, that it belonged to me." And almost before he finished, as if he could no more help it than help breathing, he had bent and kissed that white upturned forehead. And Rosamond's face was crimson then. and she was murmuring, "How can you take so unfair an advantage?" And just as I was on the point of dropping everything' and running away to let them settle it by themselves, the bell rang, and Dr. Randolph stood on the other side of the fire-, leaning one arm on the shelf, when Mr. Irving came in.

Rosamond was too weak for many of her old airs and graces; but she had recovered herself instantly, and was looking up at Jane! ob, there he is!"

Dr. Randolph, where he stood glowering "Who?" I asked. down at her, and was laughing in her bewitching irresistible way; and she truned graciously and greeted Mr. Irving, and inquired for his horses and his dogs, and became so delightfully interested in his racy that there was nothing for Dr. Randelph but to make a stiff bow and come awayonly to be called back by Rosamond, as, holding out an imploring little band, she

"But you will come to see me, again?" "I hardly think you need me," he said. "Ob, I do, I do!" she said, and her tip was trembling. And he did not reply; but when he dropped her hand, he had pressed it so close that it was white,

So Dr. Randolph came again; and Emma just then bad a sprained ankle, so that his visits had an excase for being. But I hardly think he vexed Resamond with another word or sign she could repulse iose who can take No for an answer.

"I can see how it's all going to end," said Emma to me, "Rosamond is going to be Mrs. Dr Randolph, and I'm only going to be Miss Smith! It's horrid to be Miss Smith -Miss Emma Smith! It's so dignified to be a Mrs. Anything! You're of so much more importance; somebody's chosen you out of all the world. Oh, I wish I was engaged, and with something romantic in it to the real affinity! What do you think, Cousin Jane ?'.

"Emina," said I, "I think you are a Meanwhile Rosamond evidently did not

know what to make of Dr. Randolph's be-bavior; and whether it was the effect of diptheria or of love, she was losing all her gay spirits, and becoming a moody little One evening after Emma's recovery the

doctor entered without knocking, and not observing me on the sofa, he sat down by the fire, when Rosamond opened the door, not knowing he was there, and came in. "Oh," said she looking through the twi-"I came to inquire for your sister," said

"It seems to me," said she, standing before the fire, "that you never ask about my

He looked up at her, standing with her evening to keep the breath in her; but we clasped hands dropped before her, and her pulled through. The next morning she was head a little downcast in a dejected way, safe, but weak, and he gave her drops, but he did not speak at once. "And I don't and sat talking about the new things in the | believe you care anything about me," sh origin of diseases, and impersonating the cried passionately; and then he saw the had no idea how time was passing till he herself away he caught her, and drew he nanded her the drops again. "Now," said down to him, and hid her face on his breast

"It's beautiful, lan't it?" said Emma, ufterward. "But it makes one feel so solitary ! Cousin Jane, I've half the mind to tell you something. I-I don't know but what I shall be engaged myself. I rather think I have found my affinity. I know he is fond of me; he picked me up when I fell that day and sprained my ankle, and be left that bay-water at the door for me. him to you some day."

And I've met him so often since. I'll show But if Emma thought it was beautiful, that was apparently more than Dr. Ran-dolph did, when, after his first beatitude and a month's engagement to Resamond, he had not been able to see her twice alone. for, secure in her possession, Miss Rosamond was playing with it, according to be: wont, and he never came in but he found her old lovers langing about her in a lov er-like way that was terribly exasperating He thought he would put an end to it all by an immediate marriage; but Rosa nond had no idea of being caged so early. He remarked on her conduct and she laughed at him; he remonstrated, and she shrne ged her shoulders at him; he was angry, and she told him plainly it was too soon to play the Grand Bashaw. And poor Ranlolph, loving her fervently, and totally unable to master her, instead of being rapturors, grew daily more unhappy,

But the stiendant of them all to

Rosamond pressed him for his reasons, that I don't like him? I consider him a unpanion unfit for a young lady. And I hink, Rusamond, that I really have the right to forbid your associating with him." That very afternoon a couple of riders mond upon Bellerophon.

Dr. Randolph turned about and came to our house and waited there till Mr. Irving telegraphic dispatch had been sent and left Rosamond at the door, and then he met ber and demanded to know the meaning of

"Really, sir," said Rosamond, "this is a

surveillance I cannot submit to!" and she drew the gold ring from her finger, and dropped it in his hand, and went on up It was a forinight after that that Maurice met Dr. Randolph in Boston.

"I came up to see about my change," he said, in answer to my husband, "I can't stay where I was. I must change the whole scene." And then as they stood talking a moment, there came the fire-alarm and a rushing crowd, and they followed it, and were separated of course. And the next thing Maurice saw of Dr. Randolph, an hour afterward, he was dashing with But at last the doctor took Rosamond in the firemen in that useless chivalry of his. his arms one day himself, and carried her into that building, out of whose windows down to the great chair by the parlor fire, the sheets of flame were pouring, to save an old woman shricking there for help, her Not that they were arts at all—they were lows. I caught my dress, however, in a gray hair streaming against the fire. And a part of the child's nature; it was a ne-

gether, and that was all we know.

And, as I told you, Rosamond was down In hysteries, and a dreadrul day and night it was. I thought every moment that Rosamond would put an end to berself in ber frantic condition; and as for my own part, I could not keep my mind out of that tremendous beap of burning rulns where our dear Dr. Randolph was buried, could not get free of the thought of his agony if he were ative, and hardly dared pray that he should be alive, and was growing momentarily more indignant with Rosamond, and more miserable about her, when the last telegram came, saying Randolph was found, partially shielded by the stones and beams tallen across the fire-proof vault, badly injured, but alive, and there was

And with that Rosamond went to sleep, and when she woke up, tottering and white, a'se dressed herself, and took the next train for town, and came home at night with my husband and with hers.

It was in the happy convalescing months that followed that Emms, sitting at the window one day, cried, "Quick, Cousin "Who?" I saked. "Ob, don't you know?--the one I told

von of. Why, the-the affinity!" "Ob, Emma!" I said as I looked. "I thought you had a soul above it! It is Buttons! "I don't care," answered Emma, stoutly, after a moment. "Dr. Randolph will tell

all his prescriptions." And I believe in my heart that Emma will some day cease to be Miss Smith and become Mrs. Buttons,-Harper's Weekly.

you how excellent he is. He compounds

Dr. Brown-Sequard lectured, last week, to a large audience in the lecture-room of Plymouth church, Resskiyn, upon the subortho Arechanism and the Seat in the Brain of the Volitional, Sensorial, and Mental Phenomens." Many prominent physicians of both cities were in the audie, although the discourse was a popular one. After briefly describing the makeup of the nervous system and brain, the lecturer sald in substance : Certain irritations of the brain not only,

but of many parts of the nervous system. may arrest activity or excite morbid activity with a greater variety of phenomena. The brain itself may act upon itself in this way. Many parts of the nervous system have especial power in this respect, and a very slight irritation may produce tremendous activity. Strong convulsions have been ended by paring away a bit of flesh wherein the irritation existed. The causes are sometimes extremely slight indeed. Frederick the Great (so-called), of Prussis, ate his dinner one day-that was all. There were some dozen dishes, among the lighter of which were beef, stewed it brandy, potents, and a veil pie, so hot and highly seasoned that it seemed to have been baked in-in a place very far from this lecture room - and he was thrown into convulsions. Irritation of a certain muscle of the eye may produce the catalyptic state. What is the kind of irritation by which activity can be arrested? Respiration can be stopped by an act of will, or by pressure of a certain perve. Coughs, sneezing, and me-coughs by the wiit, or by pressure of a certain perve in the face. Con-sciousness ceases during sleep, but its cessation is caused by an active irritation. have had thirteen cases wherein convulsions of the lower limbs have been stopped by a pressure upon the big toe. The conconvulsion which draws the head around to one side can be stopped if, before consciousness goes, the head is pulled around A jet of carbonic acid forced through the larynx will step the convulsions caused by strychnine or following loss of blood. A disease or injury of the brain, even when slight, may pr duce a great variety of phenomena of great intensity, while it may again extend over one entire side of the brain without producing any phenomena whatever. The two sides of the brain are exactly alike in function, and either of them is perfectly competent to perform the functions commonly attributed to both. Our education of the body is unfortunate in that it is onesided. If the left hand and the left side were as good as the right hand and right side it is extremely probable that two sides of the brain would act where one acts now. and it would be a great gain if we had two brains instead of one. Some who are now dumb would certainly gain the power of speech in that case. The mind does not play on the nerves as a man on the piano, r receive sensations by return vibrations. In the first place the number of fibres of emmunication with the body is extremey small as compared with the number of absolutely different motions we can perform or sensations we can receive. In the second place the bond of union may be alnost entirely affected. We cannot infer, either, that the seat of irritation is the seat of the mental act causing the activity which the bowels may produce aphasia, and we should be unwilling to seat the mental act in speaking in the bowels. Tickle the feet and the muscles of the face contract, but we do not assume that the seat of will for those museles is in the feet. We know generally that the base of the brain controis the muscles. The sent of vital force has been placed in the medulia oblongata, but animals live when their medulla is re moved. The mind has little power over the body as regards acts of will. What can be done without the will is sometimes im mense. The will is no great power. Its function consists only in pointing an end, and not at all in performing the movements dished by his steady-going gig, and one of it has indicated. A great many facts go to show that when the will has given an orcan something to do that thing is done without further trouble to the will, as a done with. And the fact that when almost all the fibres of the medulia oblongata are destroyed sense and motion may be per fect seems to indicate that the communication has been by a kind of telegraph for which one wire is as good as many, and not by a vibration of fibres wherein a separate fibre is needed to transmit each order

from the will for each sensation to it. recently decided that a man has no right to the fruit growing upon branches overhauging his land, where the trunk of the tre stands upon the land of his neighbor. But the law regards the overhanging branches as a naisance, and they may be removed as such, or the owner of the land shaded may comove them, if he is careful not to commit any wanton or unnecessary destruction in so doing. Where the trunk of a tree stands on the line, they have a joint ownership in the tree and fruit, and neither one has the right to remove them without the consent of the other.

Too low an estimate is apt to be set or the domestic value of newspapers. After reading them, and putting ourselves, through their agency, in mental correspondence with the world, they are thrown aside and forgotten. But to suppose their usefulness bounded by their news columns and the waste-bag is a thriftless mis-

cipes, to be found in stray corners, often excellent, and deserving a refuge on the fly-leaf of the family cook-book. Then come the pretty verses, the strange and ling the same time. droll stories, the brief biographies and reminiscences which, pasted in a scrap-book, are a source of never-ending pleasure, not only to those who do not care for richer intellectual food, but to those who have only odd minutes for reading.

Notwithstanding the squibs jocular journalists have penned on the use of newspa-pers for bed-clothing, we know from exerience that these are not to be despised. They may not be as comfortable as your blankets, but certainly they keep out the cold. Two thicknesses of papers are bet-ter than a pair of blankets, and in the case of persons who dislike the weight of many hed-clothes, they are invaluable. A spread made of a double layer of papers between a town in three bours. covering of calleo or chintz, is desirable in every household. The papers should be tacked together with thread, and also basted to the covering to keep them from slipping. An objection has been made on account of the rustling, but if soft papers be chosen the noise will not be annoying, especially should the spread be laid between a blan-

ket and the counterpane. As a protection to plants against cold, both in and out doors, nothing is better. If newspapers are pinned up over night at a window between pots and glass, the flow-ers will not only not be frozen, but will not even get chilled, as they are so liable to be at this season. In the same way, if taken to cover garden-beds, on the frosty nights of early autumn, they will allow the plants to remain safely out doors some time later

One of the oddest services to put our jour nals to is the keeping of ice in summer. An ingenious bousekeeper recently discovered that her daily lump of ice would last nearly twice as long when wrapped in newspapers, and placed in any kind of covered box, as when trusted solely to a refrigerator. This is very convenient, since it is possible to have the best and cheapest

refrigerator constantly at hand. To polish all kinds of glass after washing, except table glass, no cloth or flannel is half so good as a newspaper; and for a baker's dozen of other uses, quite foreign to its primal purpose, it is without a rival. "Home and Society;" Scribner's for

PADDLE YOUR OWN CANOE,-Judge 5 gave his son \$1000 and told him to go to ollege and graduate. The son returned at the end of the Freshman year without a dollar and with several ugly habits. About the close of vacation the Judge said to his

"Well, Willam, are you going to college

"Have no money, father." "But I gave you \$1000 to graduate on." "That's all gone, father."
"Very well, my son, I gave you all I could afford to give you; you can't stay here; you must now pay your own way in

this year?"

the world." A new light broke in upon the vision of the young man. He accommodated himself to the situation, he left home, made his way through the college, and graduated at the head of his class-studied law, became Governor of the State of New York, entered the Cabinet of the President of the United States, and made a record for himself that will not soon die, being none other than

William H. Seward. DR. JOSEPH H. SCHENCE, whose name s certainly familiar to the American people to a remarkable degree, died recently at Philadelphia. He was born at Trenton, N. J. Early in life he apprenticed himself to a tailor, and started in business on his own account as soon as his time was up. But he quickly discovered that his talent lay in another directon, and thither be transferred all his energies. He had be come in some way interested in medical preparations, and the measure of success which first attended him only suggested the means by which it could be immensely expanded. In short, he saw the advantages of advertising. Unquestionably his preparations had merit, or else they could not have endured the test of years of trial, and it must have required a general managing talent of no ordinary character to build up a business extending over the ing evidences of success as the palatial esablishment in which it was carried on. Still, the history of Dr. Schenck's life is interesting and suggestive to the public from the fact that it presents one of the most signal instances of the value of advertising skillfully, liberally and persistently,

A DRUGGIST'S MISTAKE. - A story is cirplating which tells how a fair young lady went to a drug store and told the man to fix ber up one dose of castor oil, and to mix it with something to take the taste away. The man told her to wait. In a few moments he asked her if she felt like taking a glass of soda water. She accepted the invitation and drank the beverage. Presently she asked the roller of pills why he did not give her the castor oil. The man smiled a triumphant smile, and said: "Madose with that soda." She turned pate; she sank into a chair; she gasped. "Immortal Jove! I wanted it for my mother."

THE BUDDHIST DECALOGUE.-Here are he ten commandments of Buddha:

First-Thou shalt not kill. ond-Thou shalt not take for thyself what belongs to another. Third-Thou shalt not break the laws of

Fourth-Thou shalt not lie, Fifth-Thou shalt not slander Signh - Thou shalt not speak of injuries. Seventh-Thou shalt not excite quarrels. Eighth-Thou shalt not hate, Ninth-Have faith in holy writings

WHAT THE DARKEY WOULD MISS.-A | good article of Scotch or Canada oat meal, Southern paper relates that during the war and to one quart of boiling water slowly one of the colored troops ran away from a stir in one teacup full efeat meal, to which fight and was severely reprimended by a | add a little salt, let it cook slowly for half licutenant, who asked him, sneeringly, if an hour, when it may be served with milk, he thought the company would have missed him much had he been killed. Sambo oat meal, three cents' worth of milk, six promptly answered, "Not much, boss; day don't miss de white folks, much less a poor nigger. But den, I would hab miss myself by using out meal in this manner a good breakfast can be had for two cents.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Miss Shears is a dressmaker out West. -Nothing tells so much on a man as a cossiping wife,

-A revivalistasked an African If he had found the Lord, "Golly," said Sambo, "am de Lord lost?"

-Over sixteen thousand Hindoos have petitioned the English Viceroy to prohibit the liquor traffic.

—The combustion of one pound of coal in

one minute is productive of a force equal to the work of three hundred horses dur--A Southern Democrat writes to a local

paper and gives as his political motto:
"Right, first; party, second; wrong, never." But what will become of the Democratic party if its members adopt that motto cenerally, and live up to it? -The proposed plan of stopping whiskey drinking in Chicago by publishing the names of citizens patronizing salozus was

given up, as the publishers of the city di rectory have a copyright.

-The placidity of expression worn by a man who is "Next" in a full barber shop.

cannot be counterfeited. -A Green Bay paper says that a widower with a clean shirt on can marry in that -A young man in California has his mother, grandmother, and great grand-

mother living in the house with him. But he will probably never fully realize what true happiness is until be has his mother-in-law there too. -The Governor of Virginia has pardoned a convict upon the singular condition of

total abstinence from the use of spiritons

liquors and intoxicating drinks of any kind for the space of three years. -The item of the season for the newspapers in the West is, "The indications are that our city will do twice as much building this year as it did last." -It was an Ogdensburg boy who said, when his mother threatened to sew peas in-

to the knees of his pants to keep him from wearing them out on the floor, "Well, ma, how can I pray then ?" -A young man in New Jersey went a courting, hitched his horse at the lady's gate, but courted so long that the horse ate off the top of the hitching post and Bergh's men fined the young man of New Jersey

\$25 for cruelty to animals. A sad warning.

—It is now two hundred and fifty years since neat cattle were brought over from England to this country and introduced into the settlement of the Pilgrims. Edward Winslow having been sent to England as an agent of the colony in 1649, on his re-turn in March of the following year be brought the first breed of neat cattle to Plymouth. -The new ten-cent fractional currency

note is now in pretty general circulation, and instalments of them have been sent to the several assistant treasurers and Government depositaries. The new twenty-fivecent note, also of new design, but, unlike the ten-cent, no larger than the issue now in circulation, will be ready for issue in the course of a few days. -William M. Evarts tells this good story; A few summers since, at the urgent request of one of his younger daughters, he sent up to his country place in Vermont, a don-

key for her use. She had read about donkeys, but was not familiar with their peculiar vocalism. The animal's strange noises Inspired her with the profoundest pity for his evident distress. So she wrote to her father: "Dear papa. I do wish you would come up here soon, my donkey is so lonesome." As Mr. Evarts renders this pathetle appeal, it is irrealstible, -It is estimated that not less than from 10,000 to 15,000 head of hogs have died of trichina in the neighborhood of Kaskaskia

months, and though the disease has, in a measure, ceased its terrible ravages, it has by no means disappeared. -The largest diamond over imported in to this country, weighing in its rough state 30 carats, has just been successfully cut, after five months of labor, and placed on exhibition in New York. It lost about 33 per cent. in cutting, and is now valued at about \$40,000. It is the property of a Philadelphia gentleman, and was found in the

country, in Hilmois, within the past nine

South African diamond fields. -Probably there is no more striking instance of the changes which the war has wrought in the relative positions of the southern white and negro, than in the fact that a Mississippi colored man named that State, being the owner of the Joe Davis and Hickman plantations, upon one of which he himself was formerly owned and worked as a slave.

A BUG EXTERMINATOR. - Hot slum water is a recent suggestion as an insecticide. It will destroy red and black ants, cockroaches, spiders, chintz bugs, and all he crawling pests which infest our houses. Take two pounds of alum and dissolve it in three or four quarts of boiling water; let it stand on the fire until the alum disappears; then apply it with a brush, while nearly boiling bot, to every joint and crevice in your closets, bedsteads, pantry shelves, and the like. Brush the crevices in the floor of the skirting or mop-boards, if you suspect that they harbor vermin. If, in whitewashing a ceiling, plenty of alum is added to the lime, it will also zerve to keep insects at a distance. Cockroaches will flee the paint which has been washed in cool alum water. Sugar barrels and boxes can be freed from ants by drawing a wide chalk mark just round the edge of the top of them. The mark must be unbroken or they will creep over it, but a continuous chalk line half an inch in width will set their depredations at naught, -Scientific American.

OAT MEAL AS AN ARTICLE OF FOOD,-A correspondent of the Boston Journal, who speaks from his own experience, says: Oat meal, properly prepared, contains more bone and muscle making material than any other food that can be purchased for the same money. It is easily and quickly prepared, is cheap, and when properly cooked seldom disagrees with any one. There is a difference in out meal. Good out meal has a pleasant taste and is not bitter. Much of the oat meal is of an inferior quality, and has been kept so long that it is musty. Some people try this, and because they do not like it, condemn all oat meal, Gets or cream and sugar. Three cents' worth of cents' worth of augar will make a good